It's better from Winnipeg with our first issue since relocation

THE NEW CANADIAN

We regret that the Japanese Section has been unavoidably delayed

Vol. VIII, No. 35 WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Wednesday, Aug. 8, 1945

Half Manitoba Relocees Seek Repatriation

Reviewing The News

In British Columbia action has been started on behalf of two persons of Japanese ancestry to seek a judicial order that the government is powerless to repatriate any Japanese Canadians even if they have signed forms requesting repatriation.

It is indicated that the Japanese will press a claim that those who signed these forms did so under duress.

Attention will probably be focussed on the fact that the official repatriation forms provided for the Canadian-born and naturalized persons of Japanese origin calls for a renunciation of British nationality. It is not strictly a renunciation, but a declaration of a "desire to relinquish . . . British nationality and to assume the status of a national of Japan." It is a serious declaration especially during war.

This writer does not profess to know how the courts will interpret this document. However, a point which has been mentioned in this journal (January 6, 1945) regarding persons of dual nationality comes to mind.

In an article on "Nationality and Citizenship," George T. Tamaki, a graduate of the Dalhousie Law School, has written:

"A person born with dual nationality may, on reaching maturity, renounce his British nationality in time of peace, but not during war."

If this statement is interpreted to include persons without dual nationality, it means that Canadian citizens, by birth or naturalization, cannot renounce his British nationality if under twenty-one; and if they have reached maturity, they cannot renounce their British nationality during war but may do so during peace.

In any case those persons who have signed repatriation forms without intending to go to Japan would be foolish to wait until after the war for rectification of their action if they do not wish to risk the loss of their Canadian citizenship.

U.S. SCENE

The United States is apparently contemplating a deportation of a section of her enemy aliens.

It is reported that Attorney General Tom C. Clark has been authorized by President Truman to deport any enemy alien whom the attorney general might deem dangerous to the United States. The proclamation was made by the White House on July 17.

Under a previous proclamation of the late President Roosevelt, the attorney general merely had the power to intern dangerous enemy aliens.

It is to be noted that the attorney general's power extends only to the dangerous enemy aliens, and does not cover persons born in the country or naturalized citizens.

[illegible] PLAN TO RETURN TO OREGON

PORTLAND, Ore.—About 4,000 Japanese Americans who were evacuated from Oregon in 1942 are planning to return and 537 are already back, the War Relocation Authority said, July [illegible].

Canadian Army Recruiting 150 More Nisei Canadians

TORONTO, Ont.—The percentage of enlistments among Japanese Canadians in Ontario compares favorably with the percentage enlistments among the total Canadian population, stated Lieut. C. Thomas of the Canadian Army at a meeting called by the Japanese Canadian Committee for Democracy.

Lieut. Thomas, who is in charge of recruiting Japanese Canadians for special service with the allied forces said that the army was seeking an additional 150 volunteers. Enquiries in this connection may be directed to Lieut. C. Thomas, Room 249, National Defense Bldg., Ottawa.

Lieut. Thomas replied to the several questions which were asked by those present at the meeting. To a question regarding the possibility of Nisei girls entering the services, he replied that no openings were available for them at present. He advised, however, that those who wished to join the nursing corps should make individual applications.

For the Japanese Canadian men, all branches outside of the special services in which they are now being used are closed.

BCSC Announced Dissolved as Court Case Enters New Phase

VANCOUVER, B.C.—The fight of Japanese against repatriation to Japan entered a new phase when their solicitor, Denis Murphy, was notified that the British Columbia Security Commission no longer is a legal entity, according to a C.P. report of July 28.

Three weeks ago, writs were issued in supreme court against the commission in behalf of a Canadian-born Japanese and a Japanese national for declarations that the documents they signed agreeing to go to Japan after the war were obtained as a result of false representations and are of no value.

Mr. Murphy was notified that the Security Commission was dissolved by order-in-council before the actions were started and "probably before the facts arose on which they are founded."

Mr. Murphy commented that he will obtain default judgments if the actions are not defended and will proceed also against the individual members of the commission.

DISSOLVED IN 1943.

An organization known as the Japanese Division of the Department of Labor has replaced the B.C. Security Commission on administration of Japanese affairs.

It is expected that the next move of the Japanese may be an application to the Federal cabinet to sue the government, specifically the Department of Labor, in their legal battle against repatriation to Japan.

Lemon Creek Finishes Segregation Movement

LEMON CREEK, B.C.—Segregation of non-repatriates from repatriates here was completed with the last contingent of those who expressed the desire to remain in Canada moving to Kaslo two weeks ago.

Only thirteen families moved to New Denver and Rosebery with a few groups transferring to Kaslo to await advice of relocation while others relocated eastward.

Exchanges between Tashme and the centres at New Denver, Rosebery and Kaslo were expected to be completed early this month. Movement between the Slocan Valley centres (Slocan City, Bay Farm and Popoff) and New Denver were expected to continue for some time yet.

In many cases, families who have been transferred to New Denver are discontent with the accommodation which have been provided them.

Through unofficial sources, it has been learned that relocation and resettlement of naturalized and Canadian-born citizens of Japanese origin would be stepped up in the near future. Nationals, however, are to be kept in the centres at New Denver and Rosebery until the naturalized and Canadian-born are resettled.

Family groups who have members confined in internment camps are being held in repatriation centres even though some have stated their intention of remaining in Canada.

Travelling R.C.M.P. Detachment Completes Registration of All Persons Asking Return to Japan

WINNIPEG, Man.—Approximately 50 percent of the 1,100 persons of Japanese origin who have resettled in this province since 1942 is believed to have requested repatriation to Japan after the war, it was revealed by reliable sources here.

The travelling R.C.M.P. detachment which has been receiving applications from persons requesting repatriation to Japan for the past two weeks, completed its work in Manitoba on July 30, and has moved on into Ontario.

The number of persons who requested repatriation to Japan is high in this province, and may exceed fifty percent of the total evacuee population. It is believed that next to British Columbia, Manitoba will have the highest percentage of persons who requested repatriation.

The largest number of applications have been received from persons who are still tied to the sugar beet farms. A large section of them are Japanese nationals. The percentage is low among those who have settled within Winnipeg.

The largest group among those who have requested repatriation are the older evacuees who have some savings, and who wish to spend their old age in Japan. Others have wives or relatives in Japan with whom they wish to be reunited. A third group consists of those who have been disillusioned as a result of the treatment they have received, and who see no hope for themselves in this country.

On the other hand, the majority of those who are making satisfactory adjustments, especially in urban areas, have shown little interest in the offer of free transportation to Japan. Most of them are young Japanese-Canadians who feel that their future is in this country. They are rapidly recovering from the resentment which they felt at the time of their evacuation from the B.C. coast.

Generally speaking, the evacuees who are most satisfactorily resettled are least interested in returning to Japan.

It was emphasized in the circular letters sent by T. B. Pickersgill, Commissioner for the Japanese Placement, to all evacuees that these applications for repatriation are strictly voluntary. Unlike British Columbia, there has been no mention here of "compulsion."

REPATRIATION SURVEY TO AID DISPERSAL POLICY

Earlier in the year, it was not intended to conduct a detailed repatriation survey of persons who had moved east of the Rockies. Only those who wished to be repatriated were requested to report to the R.C.M.P. for the purpose of signing an application.

However, since so large a section of people of Japanese origin in B.C. requested repatriation, it was thought necessary to determine more closely what section of the evacuees outside of B.C. intended to remain in Canada after the war in order that the government policy of distributing the people of Japanese origin evenly across Canada may be carried out more effectively. It is reported that in Manitoba, over 90 percent of the persons who requested repatriation had done so previous to the operation of the survey by the travelling R.C.M.P. detachment.

The repatriation survey was conducted in Manitoba in much the same manner as in British Columbia. All persons of Japanese origin, 16 years and over, were required to appear separately before the R.C.M.P. detachment on a specified date to state whether or not they wished to go to Japan after the war. Those seeking repatriation were asked to fill in specially prepared application forms.

The form provided for the Japanese nationals requests the Canadian government to arrange for and effect his repatriation to Japan, together with his depend-

(Continued on Page 4)

8676 in British Columbia Sign for Return to Japan

VANCOUVER, B.C.—A survey indicates that more than half of the 23,867 Japanese in Canada want to be repatriated to their homeland when the war is over, The Vancouver Province reported July 18.

The trend was shown in figures released on a survey among these people, said the report.

The survey has been completed among the 15,144 Japanese in British Columbia and 8,676 want to be repatriated. They have signed applications to be taken away, when the war is over.

The survey has started among the remaining Japanese east of the Rockies. It is being conducted by the R.C.M.P. and is expected to be completed by August [illegible].

The June [illegible] population [illegible] B.C.; 2,650 in Alberta; 158 in Saskatchewan; 1,163 in Manitoba; 3,151 in Ontario; 559 in Quebec; one in the Maritimes and 28 in the Yukon and Northwest Territories.

The lone Japanese Maritimer is not an evacuee from B.C. (Since these figures were released, one family relocated to New Brunswick from the relocation centre at New Denver, B.C.)

The June 30 population total of 23,867 compared to the June [illegible], 1943 figures of 23,311. T. B. Pickersgill, Commissioner of Japanese Placement, credited the [illegible] [illegible] In Ottawa, [illegible]

Emergency Assistance Assured

U.S. Evacuees Will Receive Aids To Reestablish Households

TULE LAKE RELOCATION CENTRE, Calif.—The need for temporary or emergency assistance by evacuees leaving the Tule Lake or other relocation centres to resettle elsewhere in the United States will be provided for through the War Relocation Authority and the Social Security Board, it was announced at the project's administration office.

The War Relocation Authority will provide aids for families which need temporary assistance in re-establishing households. The needs to be considered under this category will include household equipment, transportation of household goods, and one month's rent to establish [illegible] during the initial period of resettlement.

The Social Security Board, through the state and local departments of welfare, will [illegible]

(Continued on Page 2)

THE NEW CANADIAN

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Citizenship at Stake

There has been too much confused thinking by evacuees regarding the "voluntary" repatriation order. Especially has this been true in the case of those who have signed forms requesting repatriation, yet who have no intention of returning to Japan after the war. They have been lured by the immediate advantages promised to those who seek repatriation.

If the reports received by this newspaper from the various interior towns of British Columbia can be taken as an indication of the truth, the factor which had the greatest influence on the evacuees' decision to request repatriation was the assurance that the "repatriates" will be allowed to remain in B.C. until such time as arrangements have been completed for their deportation.

Without a doubt, the evacuees have been influenced by the self-appointed prophets and advisors of the interior towns who have been loudly proclaiming that the government cannot deport the evacuees after the war. These prophets, it may be recalled, are the same type of men who were so certain in 1942 that the war would end within six months. Their advice cannot be relied upon.

Those who signed repatriation forms for the sake of remaining in B.C. or for the privilege of seeking employment in B.C., should realize that they are jeopardizing their Canadian citizenship. It is hardly likely that the government would lay down any program which it cannot or does not intend to carry out. The best legal advice is available to the government.

This newspaper has constantly tried to point out the fact that in B.C. the registration of persons seeking "voluntary" repatriation to Japan was, in effect, not strictly voluntary. Under those circumstances, the evacuees should be allowed to retract their signified intentions. It remains now for the evacuees themselves to make their position clear. If they wait until the end of the war and the machinery for deportation has been made ready, they may find that it will be too late to change their minds.

Letters To The Editor

Editor, The New Canadian;

Living as I am in the Powell United Church Building, I am quite interested in the list of tenants in the 200 and 300 blocks of Powell Street, as given by your correspondent.

Actually, though, it does not seem so much like Chinatown as it sounds. Even in the list given, only one third are Chinese, and that does not take into account all the people in the apartments and rooms upstairs. For instance, over the old bank is the New World Hotel. The Powell grounds are always busy in the evening with some kind of a game going on and plenty of spectators. I have never happened to see a Chinese team, though I have twice seen a bunch of negro boys playing in the afternoon.

ESTHER L. RYAN.
VANCOUVER, B.C.

U.S. Evacuees Will Receive Aid

(Continued from Page 1)

sons who need medical or other emergency help, in addition to old-age assistance, aid to the blind, and aid for dependent children, where eligibility has been established. Such aids will be provided as needs occur.

The resettlers needing household or other temporary assistance may determine before they leave the centre the amount of such assistance, which may be available to them.

It is intended to close the eight relocation centres in United States by the end of the year. Only Tule Lake is scheduled to remain open, but no bar is being placed on the movement of people in this centre who may wish to find a home outside.

INDIVIDUALIZED ASSISTANCE PROMISED

In a message to the residents of all relocation centres, Dillon S. Myer, Director of the War Relocation Authority, has stated no individual or family relocation problem will be considered unsolvable, and that the "individualized" type of assistance will be given the evacuees until the end of the relocation program.

"The War Relocation Authority is primarily a service organization," stated Myer. "It's main job is to help the people in relocation centres become established again in private life. During the past three years, in helping over 45,000 persons to relocate, we have encountered almost every conceivable type of resettlement problem.

"Each family that has come forward for relocation assistance has presented a challenge to the energy and ingenuity of our staff members—no two cases have been able to help the relocators in working out their own distinctive problems and in making an adequate adjustment.

"Never once have we found an **individual or family relocation problem which we considered unsolvable. We do not expect to meet such problems in the future. It is highly important that we continue rendering this individualized type of assistance in relocation until the very end of the program."**

Broken Sunlight

By G.W. and K.O.

Soldier's Wife

"You know, it's funny, the absolute difference between how things are and how things appear. That's especially true with people.

"There are people I know, many of them—confident, even aggressive—who give an impression that they've been around. And yet they are really timid inside. They're only putting up a bold front.

"Then there are people who seem gay and carefree—yet they may be hiding a terrible loneliness.

"And you never guess the truth—that is, until some incident may cause you to realise the truth, with something of a shock.

"Take Sono, for instance. To tell you the truth I never noticed any change in her after her husband left for overseas. By the way he's in India now . . . , finds army life lots of fun. Of course they never write about the tough side. You know Sono, don't you? She's the liveliest and the most cheerful girl in our district. I never thought otherwise—that is, until last night.

"I was coming home from a late show. You remember how ugly the weather was last night . . . cloudy, gloomy, threatening, and then that heavy, soaking rain. Well, in that rain-storm I saw her. She must have been caught out in the rain because she wasn't carrying an umbrella.

"She was trudging home down the deserted street. She opened the gate—a bit too carefully, I thought. Her steps up the stairs were deliberate, calculated. She hesitated at the door—just a moment. Her rain-soaked back was turned towards me. But in that instant, I really saw her for the first time—a figure of loneliness, uncertain, anxiety. . . ."

The Bum

". . . and the disrespectable bum comes up to me and murmurs something into my ears, like he was confiding something in me. I looked at him, searching-like. His eyes wavered, then he abruptly held out his right hand, palms up. His cunnings eyes seemed to defy any comments. He was staring at me boldly. I looked at him hands. It was a typicaly 'bummish' hand, nothing extraordinary, you know — a bit dirty.

"Then sudden-like, an expensive looking Longine wrist watch slithers into his hand. It was brand new. I stared dumfounded.

"'No thanks,' I turned abruptly. But just as quickly his hands were on me.

"'Look mister, I'm willing to part with——'

"'No thanks,' I repeated firmly and jerked away my arm. At the corner I stopped and looked back. I saw him scurry up and talk to a baldish man.

"I wondered how much he would have given it to me for. . . . Not that I had any intention of buying it, you know. . . ."

Bob Hope Entertains Nisei GIs on Ship

CHICAGO, Ill.—Bob Hope, radio and screen star, declared in his newspaper column, "It Says Here," on July 10, that "we did a show for about 1,400 enlisted men, mostly Japanese-American GIs this evening."

Commenting on the Nisei soldiers, Hope declared:

"These boys are really sharp and just as American as a hamburger sandwich."

Hope's column was datelined "Somewhere in the Atlantic."

Need Race Be a Barrier?

The following essay, written by Josie Yano, won the first prize in an essay contest conducted at the Tashme High School.

* * *

"God created all men equal," but what vast territory lies between the white and the colored man! A territory so vast, that in it is built a barrier so wide and so high, that few men have ever struggled across that barrier to live freely on both sides. Racial prejudice, which springs from this barrier, unlike it, has no barriers and obeys no boundaries—certainly not geographical boundaries, for it is found in crowded metropolises, as well as in spreading plains of the prairies, in small fishing hamlets, as well as in rude lumber camps—certainly it knows no social barriers, for it dwells in the heart of the proud aristocrat as well as in the heart of the lowly peasant; it eats the soul of the opera singer and the farmer, the capitalist and the proletarian — certainly it has no time boundaries, for it was there in the Greek and Roman Empires, the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, the First World War and it is also in this war. Racial prejudice has fanned the fires of every war, past and present—and future(?)—certainly it has no age barriers, for it is there in the jeering taunts of the five-year-old's "Aw, you Chink!"; in the prejudicial remarks of the twenty-year-old's "the ol' Japs!"; in the querulous words of the ninety-year-old's, "houmph, a Jew, eh?"

WHAT IS PREJUDICE?

What is racial prejudice or racial intolerance? It is the judgment without due examination of the abilities or customs of other races, and the refusal of the power races to pass on to the minority races what rights or gains they possess, fused together with petty jealousies and rivalries in the business and economic fields. It is wrong to blame the White man for all the racial prejudices. We, the colored folks—the Negroes, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Indians—must take our share of the blame, for we too, have sheltered race prejudice in our hearts. I often think that perhaps one of our faults was that we didn't cry out loud enough when they bled us through various Bills and Acts; we didn't cry out—we only wept in silence. The politician began to think that we weren't like him and his brothers, who would shout and squeal at the slightest pinch; he thought that we didn't suffer the same dismal depths of despair, the same heights of joy, the same flood of love and the same grief of death. The politician began to regard us like a machine the capitalist owns, something out of which to make money, something to which demands could be made but given only food enough to work on, something to be employed but only to his advantage.

NEED RACE BE A BARRIER?

Need Race be a Barrier? Indeed not, most people will answer when asked this question. Then why is it? I can quite easily remember the embarrasment I used to suffer when asked by a white friend or teacher: "What do you want to be?" What do I want to be? Lawyer? Doctor? President? Prime Minister?—oh what heights! Or perhaps as the question should have been asked: "What can you be?" Store clerk? Farmer? Fisherman? Proprietor of a grocery store? What accounts for this difference in the dreams of youth? You have only to look at his face—it is not white is it? It may be yellow or red or black, but it is not white. Why must people be condemned because of race? Why, like the lepers in Jesus' day, are they forced to shout "We are unclean! We are unclean!" Why must race hang like a dreaded disease? Why? Is it right? No! O, what vast territory, what real opportunities, what rich talents what gigantic powers, what deep loves and friendships lie lost in racial prejudice!

Where can be found the cure to the headaches and the heartaches caused by racial prejudice? Here I repeat the old proverb; "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Therefore, let us seek the prevention by erasing any racial prejudices, however small, however harmless it may seem, that might be lurking in our hearts, so that when we leave Tashme, we can go up to the brown boy from the plains of Araby, the yellow girl from the shores of the Yangtse River, the white boy from the highlands of Scotland or the wheat fields of the Ukraine, the black girl from darkest Africa and say; "Brother, Friend, Fellow-Citizen!"

A Niseiette Visits an Army Camp

A visit to a camp where Nisei soldiers are stationed isn't a privilege that every girl gets, so here I am to tell you some of my experiences.

The first thing that struck me as I entered the boys' hut was the atmosphere of warm congeniality and the utter lack of privacy. The hut wasn't exactly the picture of neatness as they so often claimed but the boys quickly explained that Sunday was their day off and that I should see it the next morning. Of course they knew I'd be sixty miles from here by that time.

Out on the grass a Pte. T.K.S. was deeply engrossed in an attempt to shorten his shorts with a needle almost as large as himself and with his own inimitable version of the gentle art. Washing was strewn all over the green, which just goes to show what boys can do when they have no women to dance attendance on them.

The light in the writing room, they say burns till the wee sma' hours. Must get pretty hot in there with all the passion being poured out on paper, especially in one case of a romance that has blossomed from a trip out New York way.

And here's a taste of what actually goes on when the boys are in action. Picture the boys camouflaged with twigs and war-paint. There they go, into the "jungle" of Brantford, half of the platoon out to get the other half. Bang! goes a gun. Says one Roy to another: "Hey, Roy, you're dead! Hand over your ammunition." "G'wan, I shot you first!" "Okay, let's call it even then." So the two Roys go banging on their separate ways. That's the adult version of "cops and robbers." But they claim, it's not so funny as it sounds, especially when they have to crawl through swamps and thickets with heavy packs on their backs and all the paraphernalia strung about them.

Yes, we're really going to miss the boys when they go.

—[illegible]

Drifting Off....

Winnipeg Impressions and People

It took two long, grimy and hot days to get here in Winnipeg. Two days and two nights of dull monotony of seeing nothing but the endless stretch of the flat prairie lands.

The days were hot and the train crowded with holidayers and men of the armed services. Our fellow travellers were all nice people. The men in uniform were especially friendly.

To the relocee who has travelled over the Rockies and across the prairies, living in a self-contained little world of a day coach is not new. The cramped, uncomfortable nights, or the close heat that makes perspiration ooze out of every pore and cling clammily onto the clothes—all have been experienced. And doubtless, most of them have heaved a sigh of relief at the end of the journey.

Even to the city-bred, the clang and roar of the busy streets, bright lights of the signs, hurrying pedestrians and rushing cars are a bit frightening after being shut off in the quiet seclusion of a ghost town for three years.

Even the occasional visit to Nelson while making the rounds of the interior housing settlements of B.C. has been inadequate to prepare one for a large city.

For Winnipeg is big and Nelson could easily be swallowed up in one of the suburban districts of this city.

Here, one has to adjust himself to become a part of a fast-moving city. People are always in a hurry to get somewhere. The pedestrians have complete disregard for all traffic lights and nonchalantly stroll across the streets. The more-or-less countryfied relocee from the B.C. ghost town feels out of place and lost in the hurrying stream of humanity. He feels inconspicuous because in the ghost town he had many friends, while here in the big city, he rarely sees a Nisei face.

Quite naturally, this resettler hastened off to the downtown section to see the bright spots.

He gaped at the huge Eaton's department store. He window-shopped down the entire Portage Avenue which is the busiest section of the town. He was wafted up in an elevator to the seventh floor of the Somerset Building to report to the B.C.S.C. office. He experienced the queer feeling in the stomach as the cage came to an abrupt stop. He rode down the escalator in the Hudson's Bay just to see how it felt. He drifted along with the tide of people through the stores. And he gorged himself on ice cream and other luxuries which are practically unobtainable in the ghost towns.

THE PEOPLE ARE FRIENDLY

This resettler has found the people friendly.

There was one incident when he went to purchase a pennant souvenir in a drug store.

You're a Jap, stated the clerk.

Yes, I replied, truculently.

B.C.'s got nerve sending you out here. Not that we don't want you here—he smiled a friendly smile.

On the street car, a man noticing this resettler craning around looking for a familiar street remarked:

Stranger?

Yes, I nodded, Just got in the other day.

You'll get used to it, he said. Takes a little time.

. . . and while waiting for a bus at the bus stop, a pleasant young man struck up a conversation.

You're Japanese. He smiled. I dealt with many of your people when I was working at the B.C. coast. Very fine people.

I'm an Ukrainian, he said, and proud of it. There's no need to be ashamed of your race. Racial barriers should be broken down and all work toward a common cause.

This is the Story of One Man's Relocation Experiences

By BILL HOSOKAWA

This is the story of one man's relocation experiences. It may not be typical, but it gives a pretty good idea of what a man can do.

In the fall of 1943 Sam Sakamoto left Heart Mountain, where he was employed in property control, and came to Des Moines. There he found the job he had his eye on before he left the center had been taken by another evacuee.

He shopped around for six weeks before he got the job he wanted, in the auditing division of the Iowa Power & Light Company. His wife, meanwhile, left their two children with Sam's parents in Heart Mountain and came out to Des Moines where she took the dietician's job at the Friends Hostel.

Sam and his wife, Chiyo, worked for a full year to see how things were going to turn out. Sam's health hadn't been too good and he wanted to see how it would hold up. Chiyo eventually left the hostel and now has a job in a drug store waiting on customers and working in the fountain.

One year after their arrival, the Sakamotos were ready to call out Sam's father and mother, a younger sister, and the two children. After considerable searching for housing, they decided to take over a three-bedroom home another Japanese American family was about to vacate.

In January, 1945, when the West Coast was reopened to Japanese Americans, Sam almost decided to go back to his old home in San Jose. But when he put the matter to his employers, they gave him a comfortable pay boost and urged him to stay on a permanent basis.

The older Sakamoto found the Iowa winters not to his liking so he quit his job during the cold months. But now he is back at work in a greenhouse. The work is not too strenuous and he enjoys being kept busy.

Sam's younger sister is a full-fledged member of the neighborhood bunch. She has found complete acceptance at school. The Sakamotos are part of the neighborhood now.

Their backyard victory garden is the pride of the neighborhood. Sam and his father have introduced the painstaking care of the Japanese American truck farmer's skill to Iowans who don't even try to compete—they just look on with a certain sort of awe and admiration.

Weeds would not have the temerity to show their heads in that garden. The tomato plants are the tallest and sturdiest in the neighborhood and the Sakamotos have even planted two rows of celery which most victory gardeners would no dare attempt.

In a way, that garden is symbolic. It is the contribution the Sakamoto family has made, in a small, symbolic way, to the life of that neighborhood.

The other residents have given the Sakamotos hospitality. The Sakamotos in turn have introduced a new skill which has won for them respect and which has established new standards of achievement for the native Iowans.

—Heart Mountain Sentinel.

Something New

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Omori (nee Kikuye Tani), of 308 Elgin Avenue, Winnipeg, Man., a 6 lb., 1 oz. baby girl Virginia—on July 25.

THE RELOCEES

A Short Play by Hideo Shigei

Place: Third-class cafe in downtown Toronto.

Time: Saturday night, 11.30 p.m.

Scene: Centre front — A round table is surrounded by a few chairs on which are seated two Nisei youths, Nobby and Kaz. On the table are two coke bottles.

Nobby is tall, slim, and looks about 28. He is sloppily dressed. Kaz is flashily dressed, and looks about 22. He is a small youth with pale complexion and sharp eyes. His hands are oil stained. Both are smoking and seem to be waiting for someone.

Right back—Soda fountain and cash register. A Greek proprietor, Jimmy, is going over the bills. He is a pleasant looking man of 36. Cafe entrance is to the right.

Left back—Three booths, and a juke box against the left wall. Another young Nisei youth, Roy, is seated in one of the booths. He is about 19. He is reading a crime magazine, while his feet keep time to the boogie woogie music coming from the juke box.

Curtain rises as the music draws near the end. Soft jazz is heard from off-stage. Kaz and Nobby are talking.

Kaz—Didja hear George is getting hitched next month?

Nobby (surprised)—Yeah? Who with?

Kaz—Tomiko somebody. Darn nice kid. . . . I don't mind having a girl like her myself.

Nobby—Tomiko, eh? I heard they were going pretty steady. No, they're all the same—a bunch of stuck-ups. Hmmmm . . . so he's finally hooked, eh. Poor guy. . . .

Kaz—What the heck! I bet you're just jealous. Why shouldn't he get married. He's got looks, personality, good job and a nice girl. I hear his job is good even after the war.

Nobby (thoughtfully)—I'm getting as much as him.

Kaz—Why don't you get married and settle down, too, instead of leading such a reckless life?

Nobby—Yeah? Who's talking? I've got more sense than you think. My job's alright for now but what about after the war? It's a cinch we'd be kicked around again. Besides, I'm having my fun now without getting married.

Kaz—Well, you're not getting any younger you know. Soon you'll be too old to get married—even if you go back for a wife hunt in B.C.

Nobby—So what? I could stay single. I'm not the type to get married.

Kaz (mocking)—Expect me to believe you?

Nobby—Shut-up will you?

(Two young hakujin girls walk in. One is blonde and the other dark. They wear heavy make-up, and they behave cheaply.)

Here they are at last.

Nobby—What the hell's the matter with you—keping us waiting all night.

Blonde—Take it easy, old boy (goes and sits on Nobby's lap). Where're we going?

Nobby—Usual place I guess. (Looks at Kaz who is talking to the other girl). Well, let's get going.

Kaz—Okay, we're ready.

(They leave noisily, joking and laughing, and waving to the proprietor as they go out. Roy gets up, yawns, goes over to the juke box and drops in a nickel. George enters. He is tall and good looking. George is neatly dressed except for his hat which is on at an awkward angle. He looks dejected.)

George—Hello, Jimmy! (Goes to the round table and sits down without taking off his hat.)

Jimmy—Oh, hello George. Haven't seen you in ages. Hey, what's wrong? You sick?

George—No, it's nothing. Just a bloody headache. Make me a bromo, will you?

Jimmy—A hangover, eh? I didn't know you drank. (Makes a bromo, takes it up to George and sits down beside him. George takes off his hat and gulps it down.) Feel better?

George—Yeah, a little.

Jimmy—What happened anyway. Something go wrong?

George—Oh everything's haywire. I got fired today and I . . . we'd planned to get married next month.

Jimmy (skeptically)—Go on!

George—I'm not kidding. You know that —— who works in our department. Well, he called me a bloody Jap, and I couldn't take it. This isn't the first time, you know. Anyway, I lost my temper. He kicked up an awful fuss, so . . .

Jimmy—That's too bad. But guys like you can always get another job.

George—I don't know, Jimmy. I had a hard time getting that job. I had to study at a night school to hold it. The boss was very decent about it. He said he didn't want to fire me, but. . . . Said he'd give me a good recommendation anyway. God, why did I have to be born a Jap!

Jimmy—Come on George, don't feel so bad about it. You don't mean what you're saying.

George—No, I guess I don't. Just the same . . . (covers his head with his hands. A drunk and two soldiers walk in. The two soldiers sit at the counter and order soft drinks. Jimmy hurries off to serve them. The drunk walks up to George and stands looking at him.)

Drunk—Hey, Charlie!

George—(Silent.)

Drunk (looking into George's face)—Hey, you Jap? Say something boy. Bloody Jap . . . Son of Heaven . . . Hey!

George (looks up and says very deliberately)—Shut up!

Drunk—So, you want to fight, eh? (Puts hands on George's head.)

George (sweeping hands off)—Lay off! (Drunk staggers and tries to grapple with George.)

First Soldier (who had been looking on the scene, walks up to them)—Break it up, for ——'s sake.

Drunk—Mind your own business, Zombie.

First Soldier (angrily grasps the drunk's shirt, slaps his cheek repeatedly)—You'd better look before you talk. (Drags the drunk who is thoroughly cowed, and thrusts him outside the door, and returns to George.) You were born in Canada, weren't you? (George nods.) Do you know Joe Tanaka?

George—No.

First Soldier (slightly embarrassed)—I knew Joe back in B.C. Nice kid. Last I heard from him he was bragging that he'd be in the army before long. You know I just come back from Europe. We fought because we didn't believe in this Nazi idea of race superiority. When I come back and see the same sort of thing going on over here it makes me sick. Thank God there's not very many of that kind.

George (murmurs)—Thanks.

First Soldier—(Pretends not to hear and goes back to the counter to join the other soldier. Roy, who has been watching this scene, leaves quietly. After a short while the soldiers leave. They look back at George and say "so long." George waves back. Jimmy starts to come out to join George but hurries back behind the counter as a new customer enters. It is Tomiko. She is a pretty Nisei-ette with a trim figure. She shows strength of character without being aggressive. She is followed by an eighteen-year-old brother of George, Ed. Tomiko walks up before George. George is slightly embarrassed.)

George—Sorry, I . . . I meant to call you up and tell you I couldn't make it. I . . .

Tomi—Never mind George (sits down). I know. Ed told me all about it. We thought you might be down here. George, you've been drinking.

George—Sorry.

(There is a short silence. Ed goes over to the counter and orders a pop for himself.)

Well, I guess we'll have to call it off. . . .

Tomi—What do you mean George (in a low voice) don't you care for me any more?

George (relieved)—No. It's not that. I mean we could postpone the marriage. You know it would be hard on you. I was a damn fool. . . .

Tomi—No, George. Maybe you shouldn't have fought. But it's too late now anyway. Let's get married George, like the way we planned. You could get another job. I know you can. And George, maybe we could skip the honeymoon to Niagara.

George—You're a swell kid.

Tomi—I remember what you told me once, George . . . about life. You said it might be tough—there would be disappointments and fears—but no matter how hard the road we could make a go of it because there are two of us. I believe that, George.

George (takes Tomiko's hands)—Tomi . . . you know . . . I'm a lucky guy.

(Tomiko takes away her hands gently. She places a hat on George's head, looks towards Ed and Jimmy and gives George a hurried kiss.)

Tomiko (to Ed)—Come on Ed, we're going. (They begin walking out.)

George (smiling)—So long, Jimmy!

Jimmy—So long! Drop in again.

(Curtain)

New Teaching Technique To Be Applied At Summer School

NEW DENVER, B.C.—The clang of the school bell once again beckoned ninety-some-odd Nisei school teachers to the classrooms of the third consecutive summer school on July 23.

The familiar sight of teachers streaming up the highway from the orchard to the local school is again being re-enacted.

And once again a staff of competent, top-notch instructors are imparting the fine art of teaching to the youthful teachers from the various housing centres.

A short, informal opening ceremony began the third summer school with 87 teachers, more than 90 less than the previous year, attending the occasion.

Fifty-four students from Grades II, V and VIII who comprise the classes with which the instructors will demonstrate teaching techniques were also present.

Ayako Atagi, past president, presided as chairman. A. R. Lord, who was the principal last year, introduced the instructors.

Miss Zella Manning, Mr. C. E. Findlater, music instructor who taught at Bay Farm last year, and Mr. W. P. Weston, art instructor, are again on the staff. Newcomers are Miss Helen Grier, who is giving instructions in the primary subjects; Mrs. L. McIvor, who is demonstrating teaching technique with the intermediate grade and who is also teaching English, and Mr. T. R. Hall, who is acting as principal of the Summer School.

The new method (demonstration classes) which is being put into practice this year, is hoped to give a better scope of teaching technique.

Extra curricular activities are expected to be carried on with Mrs. McIvor taking over the physical classes and Miss Grier the drama classes.

For the most part, the Nisei teachers are those who have filled in after the original teachers had relocated.

Five males have bolstered the teaching staff of the interior housing schools and it was expected that a few more would come from Lemon Creek.

The registration sheet showed a total of 91 teachers from the various centres, but only 87 were present at the opening ceremony. The absentees were made up mostly of male teachers who had volunteered to fight fire at Nakusp which was still not under control at the time.

All centres showed a slight decrease in their teaching staff. Lemon Creek had 21 registered but only 20 were present on opening day. Bay Farm listed 20, Tashme 18, New Denver 15, but three were absent; Popoff 8, Rosebery 5, Midway 3, Minto 1.

Summer Comes to Grand Forks

By MRS. T. NISHIMURA

The summer has been tediously slow in coming to Grand Forks, but it is here at last.

Each morning clouds rise in the mountains that separate us from the United States, and hover along the topmost branches of the evergreen trees at the end of the fields, or along the rushing mountain streams.

The onion plants are growing rapidly under the wide skies, its white flowers are in bloom and undulate in the wind like waves, reflecting the brilliant mid-July sun.

It was three years ago that we first gazed on this scene, when as lonely travellers we stepped off the train at the small station of Grand Forks. At that time we wondered what these white blooms were. It was raining that day, and as we gazed on the endless fields of onions wet in the summer rain, the loneliness of the scene was etched into our memories.

Three years have passed. Three times have we experienced the worries and the joys that are entailed in the cultivation of onions, from the planting to the final harvesting.

Once again we are busy with weeding. As I work along in the large fields, under the wide skies, going up and down the long rows of plants, poems come easily to my mind, and I find myself contemplating life.

I do not enjoy listening to war news. I feel that we small people, no matter how much we worry, cannot hope to influence the big events that are taking place in the world. I would rather spend all my energy in doing my daily chores, and in trying to build up a warm, happy home.

* * *

There is joy in watching things grow. Even as a child I used to enjoy planting trees and flowers. I went around begging our neighbors for plants, and crowded the little garden my mother used to keep with flowers, radishes and plum trees.

Like other girls, I used to enjoy playing "house" and other childhood games, but more than these things, I enjoyed going into the garden to watch the plants. Sometimes, I rolled lazily in the green fields and watched the clouds drifting.

In those days I tried to avoid people's company, but I have completely changed. Now I enjoy talking with everybody, and I enjoy their company.

I have many acquaintances when I go out to town on Saturdays. When they greet me with a loud "hello! hello!" the love and human sympathy within my heart seem to leap out with a cry of pleasure. I am especially fond of people who work on the farms. I like their unaffectedness and the faint smell of the soil that clings to them.

I leave my bicycle behind when I go to town. As I tramp along the country road some farm cart with a mountainous load of hay would rumble up from behind, and the driver would offer me a lift. He would help me up to the top of the load, and there I would sway, wrapped in the dry fragrance of sunlight and hay. Japanese mixed English and Russian mixed English would flow in the soft wind, and I find myself returning once more to my childhood romanticism.

In this country, it becomes suddenly hot when the sun comes out, and when the sun goes down, it becomes rapidly cool. Every evening the clouds disappear somewhere and the sky becomes a spotless blue. After finishing my days work in the fields, I wash rice in the tiny flower garden in preparation for the evening meal. The pale reflection of the moon is shattered in the pail of water. At that moment, I experience a keen pleasure of being born a woman. (From a letter to the Japanese Section.)

Swiss Govt. Represents Japan in United States

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Switzerland, neutral country which already represents United States interests in Japan, will take over representation of Japanese interests in the U.S. on the condition the Japanese government permits neutral observers to make regular visits to Japanese prison camps, the State Department announced July 27.

There was no other detail announced.

Japan has been without neutral representation in the United States and Canada since March, when Spain withdrew as the Japanese government representative.

There has been no word that Switzerland will take over Japanese interests in Canada yet.

Toronto Democracy Group Publishes

A publication by the Toronto Committee for Democracy, "Nisei Affairs," made its initial bow to the Nisels in Ontario last month.

The mimeographed, seven-page bulletin, edited by Irene Uchida, is published at 84 Gerrard St. E., Toronto 2, Ont.

Nuptial Notes

OMURA—ITO

TORONTO, Ont.—The marriage took place of Mr. Shei Omura, formerly of Hammond, B.C., second son of Mrs. C. Omura, of New Denver, B.C., to Miss Shizue Ito, formerly of Vancouver. The ceremony was officiated by the Rev. James Findley at the Carlton United Church here early in May.

KAIURA—KITAGAWA

NEW DENVER, B.C.—The principles of a very pretty wedding which took place here on June 30 were Toshiye, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shinjiro Kitagawa, who exchanged nuptial vows with Mr. Hideo Kaiura, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Otoichi Kaiura, at the Orchard Japanese Hall.

Baishakunins were Mr. and Mrs. K. Ryeji.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Mitsuye Inaba, of Tashme, B.C., to Mr. Toshio Nishikawa, took place on July 1 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tobei Hayashi. Mr. and Mrs. Hayashi were baishakunins.

Evacuees Fight Forest Fire Near Nakusp

NAKUSP, B.C.—Approximately 600 men were mustered out from the Slocan Valley centres and Kootenay districts to quell a forest fire near here two weeks ago.

The fire was brought under control after over a week of fire-fighting. The men were slowly returning home last Sunday in small groups.

The majority of the firefighters were made up of men from the various relocation and repatriation centres in the Slocan Valley.

Equal Educational Opportunity Offered

CRANBROOK, B.C.—Equal educational opportunity for children of al races in this district, including persons of Japanese ancestry, was agreed at the annual meeting of the Athalmer-Invermere School Board here recently.

Overcrowding of district school facilities was discussed. A resolution suggested that additional Japanese coming to the valley to work should leave their children in the school district in which they are enrolled.

ON THE SPORTS FRONT

St. Pierre Nisels Bow Out to Strong Steinbach Nine

ST. PIERRE, Man.—The St. Pierre Nippons were nosed out 3-2 by the powerful Steinbach nine in an open baseball tournament here on July 22.

The tournament, which was open to all entries in the district, was sponsored by the Knights of Columbus of St. Pierre.

Although the Nippons were knocked out of the running in the first round, they displayed snappy fielding and put up a dogged fight before they were eliminated by the Steinbachs, the current league leaders in the southern Manitoba Baseball league. The Nippon's downfall was their weakness in batting.

Both teams scored their runs in the first four innings while the latter part of the game was tight and scoreless.

The Steinbach nine's rally in the fourth inning gave them a one-run lead, which they held throughout the entire game. The rest of the game was a pitcher's duel between Steinbach hurler Rempel and Susuki for the Nippons.

Kasloites Trounce Nelson 26 to 7

KASLO, B.C.—The local nine thoroughly trounced the visiting Nelson team 26-7 in a game full of errors, on July 22.

Reggie Yasui, veteran Asahi backstop, donned the belly pad and mask once again to aid the Kaslo cause. On the mound was youthful Shig Akada who got off to a shaky start in the first inning, but with the steadying influence of veteran Yasui bore down for the rest of the game to an easy victory. Hiro Kawaguchi gave a sterling performance on first base.

League Race Tightens In Alberta North Division Beet League

IRON SPRINGS, Alta.—The Iron Springs Y.P.A. climbed back into second place by virtue of a 16-1 victory over the Turin Y.P.A. nine on July 15 in a regular Northern League fixture.

Art Oshiro made his debut on the mound with a seven-inning, three-hit job but had to be relieved by R. Hayashi when his control faltered. Tak Ikeda pitched the entire game for Turin but was hit freely.

At Picture Butte, the Bussels trimmed the Chinooks 16-9 in a free hitting game.

IRON SPRINGS, Alta.—The Iron Springs Y.P.A. continued their winning ways and whipped the Picture Butte Chinooks 14-3 in a heavy-hitting game on July 22.

The game was played in a heavy wind which caused much grief to the players.

Roy Hayashi for the victors let up seven scattered hits, while S. Kasasaki, of the Chinooks, was touched for 12 bingles.

S. Miyashita, of Iron Springs, hit a terrific homer. A. Konno was also credited with a homer when Terry Ezaki fumbled the ball near the foul line.

Turin won by default over the Picture Butte Bussels to tighten up the league race.

Nisei American Paratroopers Reported in Action in Pacific

A limited number of American soldiers of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast participated in the recent Philippines campaign as combat soldiers, members of the famous American paratroop unit, The Pacific Citizen reported recently.

Policy previously announced by the War Department had indicated that Japanese American combat troops would not be used in the Pacific.

Thousands of Japanese Americans are now believed on active duty in the Pacific and in the Burma-India and Chinese war theatres as interpreters and language specialists, participating in actions ranging from invasion landings with army and marine forces to that of activity as radio operators on B-29 Superfortresses, according to information previously published.

The news that a number of Japanese-Americans had taken part in the Philippines campaign as combat troops was the first indication that Nisei soldiers had been sent to the Pacific for combat duty. The Japanese-American combat soldiers taking part in the Philippines campaign volunteered for paratroop duty while in the United States. One of the soldiers, a private for Los Angeles, was wounded.

Japanese-American interpreters and language specialists, meanwhile, have been reported in action in every phase of the Pacific war from Guadalcanal to Okinawa and in Burma and China. Many of these troops, it was reported, are serving in the front lines, and two, T/3 Eddie Tokio Fukui and T/4 Minoru Shibata, were killed in action in the Okinawa campaign. Fukui, winner of the Bronze Star, was killed in the invasion of the Kerama Islands.

Repatriation Survey

(Continued from Page 1)

ents under sixteen years of age "under the conditions set out in the statement of the Minister of Labor, dated February 13, 1945."

The Minister of Labor's statement assures the "repatriates" that the net proceeds realized from the disposition of their property, real and personal, will be secured to them and may be transferred by them to Japan. It also guarantees their free passage to Japan, including free transportation for their personal property.

MUST RENOUNCE BRITISH NATIONALITY

The form provided for the Canadian-born or naturalized Canadians of Japanese origin requires the person signing to make a declaration that he wishes to give up his British nationality. The form reads:

"I .... hereby declare my desire to relinquish my British nationality and to assume the status of a national of Japan. I request the Government of Canada, under the conditions set out in the statement of the Minister of Labor, dated February 13, 1945, to arrange for and effect my repatriation to Japan, together with my dependents under sixteen years of age as listed hereunder."